

A YULETIDE TALE FOR THE CIRLS AND BOYS.

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Marion's fingers were blue with cold when she had finished making the beds. Uncle James' house was an old fashioned country dwelling without anything of the nature of a heater in 1t. There was a good fire down stairs in the dining room and one in the great square kitchen behind it, but a fire in a bedroom was a luxury unknown to the Croftroads unless in cases of sickness.

Happily none of the Croftronds were ill at present. Indeed, to judge by the rollicking noise the young folks were making in the dining room, it was evident that the opposite condition prevailed to an almost alarming extent. At Stony Creek the school holidays



"TAKE IT, AND WELCOME," SHE SAID. lasted from the week before Christmas to New Year's, and the young Croftroads were therefore enjoying their midwinter vacation.

"Jack, you and Jim behave yourselves," called their mother from the kitchen. "And you, Jo, quit making such a noise. And you, Cathle and

Matilda, get to your knitting.' There was a sharp note in Mrs. Croftroad's tones; but, on the whole, her "scolding" was not very severe. Still, to Marion's ears, unaccustomed to harsh words and equally a stranger to the noisy, rough ways of her cousins, the scene down stairs in the "living rooms" of the house was anything but pleasant.

"No; I won't go down stairs," thought Marion as the vociferous shouts broke out afresh. "They would only tease me."

The thought of Christmas coming tomorrow did not make Marion happy. Last Christmas she had had her own sweet mother. What a change this from the happy, peaceful home life with mamma! The sudden death of her mother in the spring had left her an orphan with no means for her sup-

"What shall be done with Marion?" was the question that the relatives had discussed all summer. Aunt Patience did not want the little girl at first. "As if I hadn't enough of my own!" she said in her noisily aggressive way. "If she was big and strong, I wouldn't care so much, for then she could help with the hard work and earn her board and clothes, but she's such a spindling. delicate little thing and all spoiled with

petting." Although Marlon was little, she was past 13, and she realized, with many a keen pang of grief and humiliation, what it was to be unloved and poor and homeless when it was finally decided that she must either be sent to an orphan asylum or go to Uncle James' in the country. Aunt Patience yielded. "Oh, well," she said, "I guess one more in the family won't matter

Early in the autumn Marion had been very ill with fever. One of the results of this sickness was a peculiar tendency to fall asleep at odd hours of the day. The doctor said that as soon as she had recovered from the "dregs" of the disease she would be well again and that her relatives need not be alarmed. Marion always felt better after these daylight slumbers, which brought the roses back to her cheeks and made her feel strong. But the habit afforded her cousins a great opportunity for teasing. Often she would awaken on the dining room sofa to find them all laughing at her and making remarks not at all complimentary or kind. In their still more mischievous moods the boys, and even Cathie and Matilda, would sometimes tickle her face while she slept, saying, "Red

head, sleepy head, go to bed." Naturally Marion grew to dread the presence of her cousins when she felt herself becoming sleepy. Strictly speaking, her bair was not red, but a beautiful shade of auburn. Aunt Patience presently called up the stairs. "Ain't you got the beds made yet, Marion?"

"Yes, ma'am." answered Marion. Her voice trembled, for she was crying.

the cold, or the first thing you'll be falling asleep."

The little girl tried hastily to hide the traces of her tears, but her eyes were red when she came into the din-

ing room. "What's the matter, Mary Ann?" asked Jim.

Marion disliked to be called "Mary Ann," and she did not answer. "Been napping already this morning, Mary Ann?" asked Jack.

"Say, Mary Ann, Mary Ann!" continued Cathie. "I would thank you to call me by my proper name," said Marion when she

could endure the teasing no longer. You know well enough that my name Is not Mary Ann." "Marion, your hair is awful red when the sun shines on it," said Matilda.

hand mirror." "I don't want your hand mirror," sald Marion.

One of the boys now said "Reddy!" and the new nickname was repeated amid shouts of loughter.

The cousins did not really intend to be unkind, but they loved to tease. When Aunt Patience was tired of the noise, she came bustling in from the kitchen with her sleeves rolled up. "Be still, every one of you!" she said sharply. "It's enough to make a body wish there was no Christmas, the way you earry on. Here, you, Jim and Jack! Go right out and shovel the snow off the road to the gate. And you, Jo, go into the woodhouse and cut kindling, And you, Tillie and Cathle, go dust the parlor furniture."

This command left Marion alone in the dining room. Soon she found herself nodding over her sewing. "Oh. dear!" she thought. "I wish I didn't get these sleepy spells! The boys will soon be coming in. Oh, for some place

to go and sleep quietly!" She looked at the big sofa, which was a sofa bed of the kind that folds back. Marion noticed a shelf underneath the cushioned springs. Evidently this was intended to be utilized as a place to keep bedding. The shelf was empty, however, save for a little pillow and an old shawl, and a width of lining cloth hung from the top, concealing the opening. The contrivance reminded Marion of a berth in a sleeping car, and she had a sudden inspiration to creep into the cunning little retreat and take her nap unseen, and so escape molestation.

Aunt Patience was hard at work in the kitchen preparing for Christmas when a rap at the door announced a stranger.

"Good morning, madam," said a pleasant voice that seemed to suit the amiable, cheery face partially muffled in a sealskin cap. "Have you any old furniture to sell? It's my business to buy old articles that are in demand, renew them in my shop in town and sell them as antiques." The man handed Mrs. Croftroad a business card on which was printed, "Cassius Quinette, Dealer In Antique Furniture."

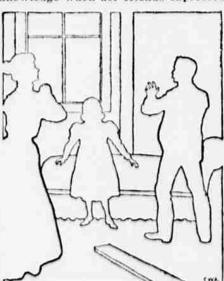
Well," said Aunt Patience, show ing the man into the dining room, "I don't care if you make an 'antique' out of that old sofa. It's only a romping place for the children, and they've got the cloth nearly all torn off it."

"Yes, I see," smiled the man good naturedly. He gave the springs of the sofa a downward press with his hands, examined the mahogany veneering and then offered Mrs. Croftroad a sum of money that made her smile.

"Take it, and welcome," she said, glad to be rid of what was to her an eyesore and a nuisance.

With the help of Jim and Jack the sofa was presently loaded on the wagon of the purchaser, and directly Mr. Cassius Quinette was driving along the smooth white road to town, congratulating himself on his latest bargain. In the city Mr. Quinette and his wife occupied the dwelling part of the house over the store and workroom. They had their living apartments arranged very cozily, for they both had good taste and plenty of means to gratify it.

"Oh, yes, I have every comfort and luxury," Mrs. Quinette would acknowledge when her friends expressed



OUT STEPPED A TRIM LITTLE ROSY CHEEKED MAIDEN.

admiration for her beautiful home. but I often wish that there was some young person in the house to call me

mother. Mrs. Quinette was in one of these wistful states of mind on this particular December day. As she looked out of the window she could see the people on the street carrying home their Christmas bundles, and she thought to herself: "Ah, me, if I only had a daughter! What nice presents I should buy for her! And I would have a Christmas tree for her even if she were a

big girl of 16!" Presently she heard her husband's step on the stairs. He came into the parlor smiling. "Come down to the shop, my dear, and see what I brought home. I think I will clear \$20 on it."

"Oh. I would rather have some one to spend the money on!" sighed Mrs. "Then don't stay moping up there in | Quinette as she followed him.

and the of the will this unwillingues to

"Won't it look fine when I get it done up in oriental brocade?" said Mr. Quinette.

The lady had seated herself on the old sofa, but she sprang up quickly, with a startled look. "There's something in it-living!"

"My dear, you are dreaming"-But just then the "dream" realized. Up went the hanging curtain at the back of the sofa, and out stepped a trim little rosy cheeked maiden. The sun shining on the auburn bair, which was a little tossed over the pure white forehead, made a halo, and Mrs. Quinette thought for a moment that it was too lovely a picture of sweet girlhood to be real. Was it a miracle or a delusion of the senses? Even Mr. Quinette, sensible business man that he was, stood speechless with surprise. Many strange things he had found in old "You can't deny it. I'll get you my sofas-rings and thimbles and coins and nameless curios-but never before a live little girl!

As will be imagined, Marion was not a little surprised too. Looking into the strange faces, she perceived that both were kindly and instinctively felt that she was safe.

"I beg your pardon," she said, speaking first; "but I really do not know how I came here. I was asleep."

"You dear little girl!" said Mrs. Quinette, stroking the shining hair to assure herself of its reality.

"I wish I had as good a title to you as I have to the sofa," smiled Mr. Quinette, addressing Marion after a little more talk and some mutual explanations. "I would give you to my wife for a Christmas present."

"Thank you. It would be a present that I would like," smiled the lady. "But," she added, "perhaps the little girl's relatives are distracted trying to find her. Cassius, go right back and tell them that she's safe and ask them to let her stay with us until after Christmas. Wouldn't you like to stay,

"Yes. Thank you for inviting me," answered Marion. She felt a little thrill at being called "dear." Since mamma's death no one had called her that. Marion was enchanted with the beauty of the place. In the dining room were birds and flowers and a sideboard full of glittering things. The parlor was a marvel of elegance, but the object that interested Marion most was the plano. "I wish I could play," she said.

"I should love to teach you," said Mrs. Quinette, who was a fine performer herself.

Meanwhile Mr. Quinette arrived at the home of the Croftroads, bringing his strange piece of intelligence. Yes; they had missed Marion, but they were not very uneasy as yet. He was a shrewd man, this Mr. Quinette, almost as good a judge of people as he was of old furniture, and he had not talked with the Croftroads very long until he saw that it would not be hard to persuade them to part with Marion altogether.

He approached the matter very delicately, however; told Mr. Croftroad DON'T GIVE A COMPLETE LOVE LETTER tho he was and proved his respectability and business standing. He told of his wife's longing for a little girl and of their long cherished intention to adopt a child. When he came home, his face was beaming.

"Will they let Marion stay until after

Christmas?" asked Mrs. Quinette. "I think they will let her stay for good and all. Of course nothing is settled yet, but I believe there will be no difficulty. So you can have your Christmas gift, my dear."

"Oh, Cassius, I'm so happy!" exclaimed Mrs. Quinette.

"So am I," answered Cassius. As for Marion-but it would require too much space to tell of what this fortunate turn of events meant to her. JANE ELLIS JOY.

Each year thousands of children write letters to Santa Claus and mail them. In large cities they are handed to the "blind reader" who looks after difficult, fictitious or erroneous addresses and are then sent to Santa Claus-at the dead letter office, Washington. Many children think Santa lives in New York, some associate the saint with the north pole and others think his proper address is in Iceland. It was no doubt a freak of childhood that to the words "north pole" on one envelope was added "Brooklyn." A New Orleans child addressed his letter "Willie Santa Claus, New Yourk, La." There are no "return requests" placed in the upper left hand corner of

the envelopes, which goes to show the sublime faith the children have that the latter simply cannot fail to reach Santa Claus. One boy wrote: Dear Santa Claus-My ma told me to rite you. Please bring me a gun and a pair of ruber boots. If you can't spare them both, plese I'll

take the gun. I don't mind of I do get my feet Plese, I want a real gun to shoot rabbits for our dinner. You mite bring ma a red dress. She ooks so tired in black.

Another little boy wrote the follow-

I wish you would kindly send me a nears ark and a cornocopa full or candy; good boy.

A Philadelphia boy wrote this letter to "Mr. Kriss Kingle, Northland, North Pole:"

I am a good little boy and dont get cross se please send me a railroad track with a trolley car run by electricity and a policeman set and a story book But what I would rather have is a baby sister than anything else.

For years the dead letter office in Washington had an annual visitor in the person of a rich old man who would come a week or two before Christmas and get 20 or 30 of the many letters addressed to Santa Claus. Having made his selection of the more modest requests, he would buy the toys and send them to the children as coming from their patron saint. Christmas came last year and went, but no one called at the dead letter office for safely left in a bottle with a rubber the letters. The old man was dead.

SOME DON'TS

FOR CHRISTMAS Don't fail to make happy the Christ

mins of some needy persons of your acquaintance. Don't spend more than you can afford on presents. This is good advice, and

of course you will not take it. Don't find fault if your presents are duplicated, and don't tell your friend you exchanged one duplicate at the

store for something else. Don't hang up your bicycle stockings or your watch.

Don't tell children under 10 years of

age that Santa Claus is a myth. This

dear old fellow is one of the most beau-

tiful delusious of childhood. Don't urge other people to tell what they received for Christmas if they appear reticent. Perhaps they didn't get anything.

Don't tell some one who has sent you a gift for Christmas that you will reciprocate on New Year's. Just do so, if you wish, without announcing it.

Don't despise homemade gifts. Are they not the work of loving hearts and willing hands? (P. S.-If your wife gives you a homemade necktie, this doesn't go.)

Don't give pictorial primers to girls who have celebrated their twelfth birthday. Give them powder puffs in-

Don't fail to smoke the new pipe your wife gives you. Do it with ostentation and use the old sweet brier when she's not around.

Don't hint to a person that you are going to give him or her a present in order to prompt that person to obtain one for yourself.

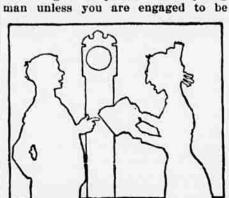
Don't try to enter a locked apartment with a burglar's jimmy in order to deposit a present in your sweetheart's silken hose. Her father may keep a bulldog. Don't lie awake all night hoping to

see various people steal into your room and leave packages on your dressing table. A watched pot never boils. Don't wonder if the friend you re-

membered last year and who gave you nothing will do the proper thing this

Don't expect your neighbor to overwhelm you with thanks if you give his youngster a billygoat.

Don't give suspenders to a young



married to him, and, if you are, don't forget to put elastic in the suspenders. Don't pretend that you think Christmas a nuisance and should be abolished. Just get off the earth yourself.

You never will be missed. Don't be jealous of others whose gifts are more numerous and elegant

than your own. They may owe larger bills than you do. Don't send expensive presents to new friends and acquaintances unless you are very wealthy.

Don't take your best girl sleigh riding behind a team of colts that are only half broken to harness. A nine mile walk through the snow yanks all the romance out of the affair.

Don't tell your sister that you had intended to give her a much nicer present, but had found out that the manufacturers could not get it finished in time for Christmas. She may have heard such stories before.

Don't give your wife a \$400 sealskin on a \$1,000 salary. Don't look a box of gift cigars in the

well, in the label. Don't give your boy a drum and then kick because he is noisy. Don't idly wish every day were

Christmas because you have had a good time. One Christmas a year is more than enough for most people. LEON MEAD.

Chocolate Caramels.

Pour one pint of milk into a preserving pan and add half a pound of chocolate, broken up; four pounds of brown sugar and half a pound of fresh butter. Let it boil for half an hour, stirring frequently. When done, a crust of sugar will form on the spoon and on the side of the pan. Pour in a tablespoonful of extract of vanilla or any flavoring. Remove from the fire and stir rapidly until the caramel begins to thicken. Then pour it on a slab which has been well buttered and mark it with the back of the knife into squares. When quite cold, snap them asunder.

Household Brevities.

A point to give the new waitress is that china plates, cups and saucers should not be piled one upon another while they are hot. They must cool before they are packed. Otherwise the glaze cracks easily.

In polishing silver that has been laid away and badly tarnished it is a good plan to dip the portion of a soft, old cloth in sweet oil or soft lard, then in whiting and rub the articles well until the black has disappeared. Then finish with whiting.

Never purchase the same sort of a fowl for a fricassee that you would for roasting. The former may be a year and a balf old. It will cost much less than the one a year old, which will be required for roasting.

Ammonia, chloroform, benzine or any drug which evaporates can be

CHRISTMAS COOKERY.

Turkey and Its Sauce In Different Appetizing Ways.

Variety as a sauce seems just as desirable in the case of the traditional Christmas turkey as in the other affairs of life. This fact may recommend the following directions from The Designer to the consideration of progressive cooks: Lard the breast of the turkey with strips of larding bacon in regular lines, then cover it with thin slices of lemon; butter a sheet of paper and wrap the bird in it, roasting it for an hour and basting it carefully. After this remove the paper and lemon and reast again for half an hour or longer, according to size; allow it to brown nicely and at last baste it with butter. To make chestnut forcement peel two dozen chestnuts, throw them into bolling water, boil for ten minutes. after which drain them and take off the under skin. Return them to the pan with sufficient milk or milk and water to cover and simmer them till tender. Have ready a medium sized onion boiled soft, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley and two ounces of fresh butter slightly warmed. Drain and mash the chestnuts; mix with the other ingredients and a plentiful seasoning of salt and pepper. The onion should be chopped. Many people prefer the chestnut forcement mixed with pork sau- the dinner for the older members of sage meat as being more tasty. When the family and the children, and the this is the case, take equal quantities bills-the bills are for "pa" alone. This of each.

As sauce for the foregoing prepare It relates solely and exclusively to the about 20 chestnuts as before or roast dinner and does not even mention the them till tender. If roasted, the rinds and under skin are removed after cooking. Mash them and mix with an ounce of buter, a teaspoonful of granulated sugar, the strained juice of a lemon and seasoning of salt, pepper and grated nutmeg. Put this mixture into a stewpan with one-half pint of milk and one-quarter pint of cream; stir till it thickens and is smooth, then serve in a gravy boat.

For turkey in Turkish style wash well and partially boil one cupful of rice in boiling water to which has been added salt to taste. Drain off the water when the rice begins to soften and mix with the latter 12 French chestnuts which have been blanched and chopped, a quarter of a pound of currants and two ounces of almonds, also blanched and chopped. Season to taste with salt, pepper and a dash of cinnamon. Now melt half a cupful of butter and stir into the mixture. Use this to stuff the turkey and baste often. Serve with brown gravy or the chestnut sauce described above.

To make celery sauce slice the best part of four heads of young celery in small pieces and boil in salt and water dren's Christmas tree standing in one for 20 minutes. Then drain and put corner of the room in all its glory will into a clean saucepan, covering them with white or vegetable stock. Add a and digestion. The following menu teaspoonful of salt, a blade of mace and recipes may aid the housewife in and stew all together until tender. Mix preparing a Christmas dinner that will two ounces of butter and a dessert- be worthy of the occasion: spoonful of flour. When this is quite smooth, stir into a cupful of good Riding upon the goat, with snow white hair, ON'T GIVE A COMPLETE LOVE LETTER Cream milk (milk may be used instead of cream) and mix this in with the celtown.

I come the last of all. This crown of mine is of the holly. In my hand I bear the Thyrsus, tipped with fragrant cones of pine. ery and stock. Make hot for about a quarter of an hour, but do not let it

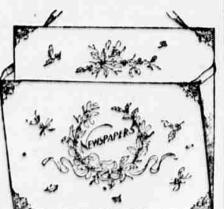
Pretty Fancies In Stocks.

The black velvet ribbon stock and bow with long ends is the most prominent fad on the streets, according to the New York Herald. It takes two yards of ribbon, and the No. 12 size is the most popular. It is wound around the neck twice, with a very small bow at the throat and very long ends. The crosspiece at the neck usually holds a fancy jeweled brooch.

Another black velvet ribbon fancy is to wear with any light tinted stock a very narrow velvet. This is about half an inch wide and is worn at the foot of the stock and simply crossed and fastened with a little brooch in front. The contrast with the lighter colors is very pretty.

A Holiday Gift.

A novel and pretty gift is the receptacle for holding the daily newspapers shown in the illustration from The American Queen. It is easily made and when finished is a thing of beauty. Two pieces of stiff cardboard are required. The one to be used for the back of the rack measures 13 by 14 inches, and the other for the front must be 9 by 14 inches. Take gray or fawn colored linen and cover neatly the two pieces of board (after the designs of holly and mistletoe have been previously embroidered), fasten the linen to the cardboard with glue or paste and back each piece with either linen or red surah silk to match the holly berries. Now sew the two linen covered pieces of cardboard together at the lower part of the rack, but not at the sides, as these are left open to receive the newspapers. At the two upper cor-



HOLLY AND MISTLETOE NEWSPAPER RACK ners of the pocket is fastened a red ribbon, which is tacked to the back part of the frame and tied in a bow with long, flowing ends. At each cor ner of the rack is placed a metal fastening (which can be procured from any art embroidery store), or bows of ribbon may be used in place of the metal corners. The design of holly and mistletoe is embroidered in red, green and white. The lettering is outlined with either green or golden yellow silk.

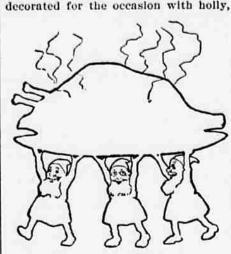


THE GOOD HOUSEWIFE.

[Copyright, 1899, by Mary Jane Cooke.] The three great features of Christmas day are the tree, the dinner and the bills. The tree is for the children, article has nothing to do with the tree.

bills. They will be looked after in due time by the butcher, grocer and "pa." It is plainly the duty of every good American citizen to have a bounteous dinner on Christmas day, with turkey,

cranberry sauce and plum pudding. The dining room should be carefully



BRINGING IN THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY. evergreens and mistletoe, and the chilmaterially aid and abet the appetite

MENU FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER. -Longfellow.

Blue Point Oysters. POTAGE. Cream of Asparagus. HORS D'OEUVRES Olives. English Walnuts. Gherkin Pickles. Salmon

Potatoes a la Windsor. Sauce Tarture. ENTREE. Sweetbreads, Larded. SORBET. Punch au Kirsch. Roast of Turkey. Cranberry Sauce. Celery Salad. ENTREMETS.

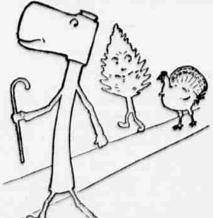
Potato Croquettes. French Peas.

Cheese Cakes. SWEET ENTREMETS. Plum Pudding a l'Anglaise. Vanilla Ices. DESSERT. Fruit. Coffee. Cakes.

ROAST TURKEY .- Singe and draw the fowl, wash thoroughly both inside and out, wipe dry with a clean linen towel and then rub the inside with salt. Stuff, sew up the opening and roast with a cup of water in a moderate oven from one to four hours. Many persons bind slices of salt pork upon the breast before roasting, using no

PLUM PUDDING .- The entire success or failure the pudding depends largely on the and on keeping the water boiling around the pudding without stopping for six hours. It is necessary to pack a plum pudding as-firmly as possible in the bowl in which it is to be boiled and to tie the cover of cloth tightly over it. The cloth will stretch enough for the slight swelling of the pudding, and the water will not get in. A delicious Christmas pudding is made of half a pound of currants, a pound of sultana raisins, half a pound of muscatel raisins, stoned and cut into large bits, and three ounces each of candied orange peel, lemon peel and citron. Toss this fruit with a tablespoonful of dried and sifted flour, or, better yet, sift this amount of flour-no more-over the fruit. Mix in a cup a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of cloves and half a Chop fine three-quarters of a pound of the best beef suct and free it from shreds. Sprinkle over it a liberal teaspoonful of salt and add the fruit and toss the ingredients thoroughly. Now add three-quarters of a pound of bread crumbs that have been dried and sifted and moisten with a cup of boiling milk. At this stage add half a pound of sugar and sprinkle in the spices that have been mixed together. Beat together, without separating the whites from the volks, eight eggs and add them to the pudding. It should now be so stiff that it can be stirred with difficulty, and the only sure way is to stir it with your hands as you would bread. Add now a gill of brandy and one of sherry and rain the pudding thoroughly.

MARY JANE COOKE.



Mr. Ax-There come Tree and Turk. I think I shall have to cut their ac-

quaintance this Christmas.